

HOME CURE FOR BLOOD POISON.

Beware of the Doctors' Patchwork; You Can Cure Yourself at Home.

There is not the slightest doubt that the doctors do more harm than good in treating Contagious Blood Poison; many victims of this horrible disease would be much better off to-day if they had never allowed themselves to be dosed on mercury and potash, the only remedies which the doctors ever give for blood poison.

The doctors are wholly unable to get rid of this vile poison, and only attempt to keep the disease—the sores and eruptions. This they do by driving the poison into the system, and endeavor to keep it shut in with their constant doses of potash and mercury. The mouth and throat and other delicate parts then break out into sores, and the light is continued indefinitely, the drugs doing the system more damage than the disease itself.

Mr. H. L. Myers, 100 Mulberry St., Newark, N. J., says: "I had spent a hundred dollars with the doctors, when I realized that they could do me no good. I had large spots all over my body, and these soon broke out into running sores, and I procured all the suffering which this vile disease produced. I decided to try S. S. S. as a last resort, and was soon greatly improved. I followed closely your 'Directions for Self-Treatment,' and the large spots on my chest began to grow paler and smaller, and before long disappeared entirely. I was soon cured perfectly and my skin has been as clear as glass ever since. I cured myself at home, after the doctors had failed completely."

It is valuable time thrown away to expect the doctors to cure Contagious Blood Poison, for the disease is beyond their skill. Swift Specific.



S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD

—acts in an entirely different way from potash and mercury—it forces the poison out of the system and gets rid of it entirely. Hence it cures the disease, while other remedies only shut the poison in where it lurks forever, constantly undermining the constitution. Our system of private home treatment places a cure within the reach of all. We give all necessary medical advice, free of charge, and save the patient the embarrassment of publicity. Write for full information to Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

AN UP TO DATE CHURCH.

Lobby Like a Theater and Processional Boxes For the Deacons.

The new First Baptist temple of Columbus, O., which was dedicated recently, is one of the unique edifices in the west. In style it is a modified form of Gothic, without cupola, dome or steeple. Though it has beautiful wrought stained glass Gothic windows and arches, many Romanesque features are used in the minor parts, especially in the interior decorations, where the arrangement of the building is most striking.

Instead of entering the house of worship through a small vestibule the visitor steps through the gorgeously carved Gothic portal into a large corridor, on either side of which are offices, lecture rooms, nursery, parlors and similar rooms. At either side near the end of the lobby beautiful carved staircases lead to the balcony above.

The end of the lobby leads directly into the main auditorium exactly as the lobby of a theater.

From the wide aisle which runs around the rear of the room under the circular balcony a good view is had of the commodious stage, where the Baptist minister is to use for his pulpit and where are located the great organ and the seats for the choir.

The procession arch is elaborately decorated and lacks only the drop curtains and the flies to carry out the stage effect. On either side of the stage pulpit are a series of boxes designed to be used for the deacons of the church instead of the traditional "men corners." The pitched floor, with its circular balcony, the boxes and the stage, with their rich ornamentation and brilliant frescoing, give the beholder the impression of being in a pretty little theater rather than in a church.

A tour of the building will disclose every modern convenience, including electric lights, water plumbing, a room for bicycles, cloakrooms, library, Sunday school room, kitchen and lavatories—Philadelphia Inquirer.

JAPAN'S GREAT ARTIST.

He Was One of the Most Precocious Children of His Country.

Iyosai, who appears to have achieved more as a Japanese artist than any other man of his nationality, was one of the most precocious children in the Flower Kingdom.

As a child of 3 he made friends with a frog on a long kangaroo (or tiger) journey and drew its portrait as soon as his mother set him down at the journey's end. At 7 he drew every aspect of the human figure as he could see it in the brawls and wrestling bouts of the lowest quarters of the city, which he haunted patiently, sketchbook in hand, for weeks and months. At 9 he captured the severed head of a drunken man from a swollen river and brought it home to study in secret, as any other child would treasure a toy or a sweetmeat.

At 15 the same painter showed the true artistic temperament by setting up his easel to paint a burning house when he ought to have been helping to rescue the victims from the flames. A little later he exhibited an audacity in obtaining the models he desired in the most courageous of European painters would hardly venture to imitate. He followed some ladies in a daimio's house, where he was employed in decorating a room.

The girls fled from him, and he ran after them, down long galleries and across gardens. They were terrified, thinking he had gone mad. Then he suddenly stopped and returned quietly to his work. When reproved for his temerity, he produced his sketchbook and showed a careful outline of a rare and antique pattern in the sash, or obi, worn by one of the girls, which he had caught sight of as she passed and had sketched as he chased her.—New York Journal.

Oldest Brick in Existence.

At one of the recent meetings of the Academy des Inscriptions at Beloe-Lettres, in Paris, the learned M. de Lottre, M. Henzen, showed a brick which is undoubtedly the oldest in existence, dating, it is estimated, from the fourth century B. C., says Stone.

The brick in question was discovered by the French savant and antiquary Dr. Sarze during recent excavations at Tello, the ancient Sipir in Chaldea. The brick was somewhat curved and had been baked, but was of the crude form that it evidently had not been put in a press or molded. The mark of the maker was simply the imprint of the thumb. It was clearly made very soon after the discovery of the art of brickmaking, which art, as is universally admitted, marks the dawn of civilization. Other bricks of a much more recent date were shown. Some of them bore the mark of the coat of arms of Sipir, an eagle with the head of a lion. Others again were inscribed with the name of the reigning monarch.

The Prince of Monaco's Pad.

It is not generally known that the Prince of Monaco—he who rules over one of the smallest principalities in the

ROMANCE IN ALBANY.

It Was Spoiled Because the Grocery Clerk Wore Store Teeth.

A young woman from Amsterdam, who was an ardent admirer of a rather handsome grocery clerk in this city, received such a nervous shock the other day that she went home early the next morning, vowing deliberately that she never would put faith in mankind again. It appears that this young woman left her pretty home in the Mohawk valley to buy some summer garments in Albany. While here she was entertained by a young woman friend, whose mother keeps a boarding house, whose mother was here her friends took her to the grocery store to buy the day's supply of vegetables. Oh, memorable morning! It was then that she first saw and unconsciously gave her heart to the clerk, who is the principal subject of this story. On succeeding days she willingly did the marketing all alone for her friend, and great progress was she making in her acquaintance with the clerk. He wasn't slow, either, by the way.

But shortly there was an occurrence that put a final stop to the flirtation. The Amsterdam maid went to the store as usual and ordered two pounds of sugar. The sugar was weighed and put in a bag. Now, in this case, hanging above the counter, was a bit of twine with a spring attachment, so that when one let go of the twine the end flew up out of the way. The clerk tied the sugar and bit the string off with his teeth, which the string stuck in them, and when it flew back, out came the teeth.

Imagine the spectacle! There were those nearby grinders that made the mouth of the clerk so lovely to the susceptible maiden, dangling there in full view of every one in the store. The young man blushed, and the young woman took her sugar and departed. That's why the 8-15 west had her as a passenger the next morning.—Albany Journal.

PULPIT AND PEW.

Relations of the Minister and Congregation to One Another.

Between a minister and his congregation there are an action and a reaction, so that the minister makes the congregation, and the congregation makes the minister. When one speaks of a minister's service to his people, one is not thinking of a few recitations, and oratorical, and statistical, and moral, and of schools, and guilds, and classes, and lectures. The master achievement of the minister is to form a character and to minister men. The chief question, therefore, to consider about a minister's work is, What kind of men has he made?

And one at least of the most decisive questions by which the members of a congregation can be judged is, What have they made of their minister? By that one does not mean what salary they may give him, nor how agreeable they may be to him, but how far he has become a man and risen to his height in the atmosphere of his congregation. Some congregations have ruined ministers by harassing them till they lost heart and self control and became peevish and ill tempered. Some congregations, again, have ruined ministers by so humoring and petting them that they could endure no contradiction and became childish. That congregation has done its duty most effectively which has created an atmosphere so genial and yet so bracing that every good in its minister has been fostered and everything petty killed.—Jan MacLaren in Ladies' Home Journal.

Choosing a Bishop by Chance.

A simple but novel ceremony occurred at Millersville, Pa., recently. A great multitude of people assembled at the old Mennonite meeting house to witness the choice of a bishop by lot. There was a large number of Mennonite preachers present, and four of their number were candidates for the exalted office. The method of choice was unique, although it is in common use among the Mennonites. After a season of fervent prayer for divine direction the four candidates were called forward, and four Bibles exactly similar in size and binding were placed before them. Under the fly leaf of one of these Bibles a piece of blank paper had been placed. The Bibles had been thoroughly mixed up, and the candidates were then invited to make their selection.

The South Pole Search.

It is said that Dr. Nansen has resolved to enter the lists as an antarctic explorer. Letters received in London from him state that he hopes to have an expedition organized and ready to start in 1902. He is at present engaged in preparing his plans and will endeavor to shape them so that he may supplement the work of the British and German expeditions proposed to accomplish. Dr. Nansen intends to go to Berlin for the international congress of geographers, and as Sir Clements Markham and Sir John Murray will also be there to meet Professor von Drygalski, the leader of the German expedition, an antarctic conference will be held, at which a general plan of action can be decided upon.

Tragedy in Plaid.

"Miss Jigger and I have fallen out for good."

"What was the trouble?"

"She wanted me to wear a waistcoat to match her parasol!"—Chicago Record.

A Famous Organ.

The Boston Transcript says: "Oliver Holden's organ, upon which he possibly perfected his famous hymn 'Coronation,' which today is sung the world over, has been presented to the Boston society and is on exhibition in a room of the old statehouse. The compass is 4½ octaves, certainly limited, but capable of good production. Knobs at each end of the keyboard regulate the volume of tone and make up the few steps of the venerable instrument. The date of building is unknown. A brass plate above the keyboard indicates that the instrument was made by Astor & Co., 39 Cornhill, London."

He Looked Royal.

Thomas G. Shaughnessy, recently chosen successor Sir William Van Horne as the president of the Canadian Pacific Railroad company, has a host of admirers in Milwaukee, where he spent his younger years. He had scarcely reached his majority when he was elected a member of the board of aldermen, and owing to his extremely youthful appearance it became necessary to consult the church register before his fellow aldermen could be satisfied that he was old enough to sit among them in the council chamber.

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WILMER ATKINSON, Editor, FARM JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA.

CHAS. F. JENKINS, Address, FARM JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA.

Reformed in a Curious Way.

Reforms are wrought in many curious ways, but seldom in a stranger manner than that in which a certain crank was subdued.

This man had wandered at mid night into a low saloon. He gave his order, and then leaned against the bar for support.

A man standing near took from one pocket an addressed envelope, and from another a stamp, which he moistened with his tongue. Instead of adhering to the envelope, as the man intended, the stamp slipped from his fingers and fluttered to the floor.

The tippler saw it fall, and staggered forward to pick it up. Just as he was about to grasp it, he stamped down in a zig-zag course toward the side wall, like a cornered animal, with astonishment, the croaker drew back and intent watch of the tippler, which, upon reaching the wall, began to ascend.

As he ascended, the tippler's face grew more intent, his body more rigid. He saw nothing but the mysterious, moving thing. His mind was seared from years of ceaseless drinking. He thought that the animated stamp was a warning.

At the top of the wall, the stamp stopped, and as if for a moment it rested before ascending higher, and then made a dart toward the tippler's haggard face. The trembling saw it stop, saw it hesitate, and leap.

He was unquestionably doomed if he continued longer to drink to excess; the stamp had been given life to warn him. It seemed to him. With a pitiful yell of fear and determination, he rushed from the saloon. From that eventful night until he died, in prosperous circumstances, recently, the man never swallowed a drop of liquor. The moistened stamp had taken upon a cockroach's back, and sunk there.—Kansas City Star.

Nurse (to young husband)—A beautiful ten-pound baby, sir.

Young Husband (getting things mixed)—Glorious! Am I a father or a mother?

AFRICANA will cure Rheumatism and Sciatica to Stay Cured.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

He is young and ambitious, and he prides himself on his common sense, his practical, business like way of doing things and his sordid earnestness generally. On his way home the other evening he stopped to look in a florist's window and the florist asked him inside to see some very fine wedding flowers he was sending out. The florist is an elderly man, with kind eyes twinkling behind spectacles. You don't buy flowers any more, do you? he inquired, as he tied up a bunch of white lilacs and Lawson pinks, and laid it on a fan of leathery green ferns.

"No, I don't," said the business like man.

"You were a pretty good customer a year or two ago. Violets every day and roses twice a week, wasn't it?"

"Er—I was engaged then," and the practical one laughed and flushed.

"You used to take her flowers every time you went to see her, didn't you?" and the old florist's tone was more kindly than inquisitive.

"Yes."

"They're not so very expensive in the spring."

"Oh, she would have liked them as well bought on the streets, as long as they were fresh and fragrant. She didn't care for the swell box. She wasn't that kind at all."

"Too bad, too bad. Young ladies are fickle. I suppose she chose another in your stead."

"Oh, no; I married her a year ago."

The old florist twisted a bit of string around the stems of some pale roses and then he said gently, as if treating on thin ice: "You don't love her any more?"

"Indeed I do. We're very happy. But you know the flower business doesn't go any more."

"Did she ever say so?" asked the relentless old man.

"No, I don't know. But you know the flower business doesn't go any more."

"Indeed I do. We're very happy. But you know the flower business doesn't go any more."

"Indeed I do. We're very happy. But you know the flower business doesn't go any more."

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Artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps, and all other results of imperfect digestion. Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY

Time Table in effect

May 7, 1899.

EASTWARD.

" Edinburg	7 44	4 31	9 27
" Woodstock	7 53	4 43	9 48
" Maurertown			
" Tom's Brook			
" Fishers Hill			
" Strasburg	8 22	5 14	10 58
" Klverton	8 42	5 37	
Ar. Front Royal	8 52	5 47	
" Plains	9 58	7 00	
" Manassas	10 50	7 55	
		P. M.	
Ar. Washington	12 00	9 05	